TRIDANDI SWAMI B.H. BON

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Reprinted on the occasion of Birth-Centennial of His Divine Grace SRIMAD BHAKTI HRIDAYA BON DEVA GOSWĀMI MAHARĀJ, by his humblest disciple Lalit Krishna Das Brahmachāri



His Divine Grace
SRIMAD BHAKTI HRIDAYA BON
DEVA GOSWĀMI MAHARĀJ

TO MY MASTER

PARAMAHANSA SRILA SARASWATI GOSWĀMI

- B.H. BON

A WORD OF APOLOGY

These unworthy reminiscences of a happening in my early years were scribbled in this imperfect language more than twleve years ago in a particular mood of mind absolutely with no desire to bring them to light. It never came to me that I would ever share this humble personal experience with any of my friends; but it so happened that one of my sincere christian friends looked through them and earnestly suggested that these should be preserved in a permanent way.

I felt extremely shy about it, but he insisted on these few lines being printed, so that these would remain not only as a piece of Hindu spiritual literature but would also be read with much benefit by those christians who might be under the general wrong impression that all Hindu seekers of God follow only a negative way in their effort to realise a Being Who is Impersonal. This changed my idea and thought about them.

This may be foolishness to those who do not believe in such personal experiences. But for that reason I cannot deny the fact, rather I cherish to find out the genuineness of incidents in the spiritual pilgrimage of persons. With sincere apology and utmost humility of heart I beg, therefore, to place this humble brochure into the hands of such friends as well as

those whose loving devotion to the Supreme Personal Being lends to such personal experiences. I also seek the blessings of all earnest and sincere devotees, so that I may reach the End of my spiritual search and be engaged eternally in the loving service of Lord Sri Krishna and His Entourage under the direct guidance of my Spiritual Master.

Bhajan Kutir, BRINDABAN, MUTTRA, INDIA. The 25th December, 1944.

B.H. Bon

HE PASSED BY!

Might and day on the Path-way

Am I waiting, O Beautiful!

Ever for Thee, to say my say:

"My burning heart wilt Thou soothe?"

As a Chātak on a summer-day

Awaits each moment for a shower-fall,

So am I longing, this my way

If Thou passest by fluke of call!

When Thou goest the Other Way,
Why not turn Thy Face once this side?
A look, my Love! certainly may
Change the flow of my life's tide.

Days and nights when I wept,
Heavy eye-lids filled with tears
Unawares closed, Me Thou kept
Longing for Thee, Thy pang to bear!

At that time, O my Darling!

Silently didst Thou pass by my way!

Thou couldst save me headlong hurling

Into the deep of Thy loving sway!

When my eyes again, Oh! wistfully Looked in agony at the sky,
And down again, O Dear! so gaily
Gazed at the path running by,

I saw, Beloved! distinct marks
Of Thy Feet next to my side!
They were just like golden sparks!
Couldst Thou Thyself from me hide?

Tiny were the Marks of my Beloved!
Fragrant was the smell I inhaled,
For such sweet scent none could shed,
Hadst Thou not this way hailed!

If Thou didst go this way, my Lord!
Why didst Thou not wake me up?
Or touch my bosom, heart's tender cord,
With Thy Fingers - Love's golden Cup?

If Thou didst not like to kill

My dreamy sleep in a mortal case,

Why didst Thou not leave a chill

On my cheek, without my knowledge?

If Thou liked not even to kiss,
Why not, Darling! play Thy Flute?
Though my closed eyes Thee would miss,
Yet Thy Music my ears would glut!

If Thou wished not Thy Flute to play, Couldn'st Thou at least walk so slow On the path of dust and clay, That I perchance feel Thy glow!

When Thou went to the distant end,
To have a glimpse of my loving Friend,
And Thy yellow robe's vanishing end!!

Silently on Thy tender toe,
This from the Marks, Dear! I can know
Thou passed this Way, Westward Ho!

Alas the day! I failed to hear
The jingling of Thy tinkling anklet!
How my sad lot I shall bear?
Deaf I remained, Thee eyes never met!

When Thou came at all this Way
To pass by my this aching heart,
Didst Thou in Thy mood so gay
At my face Thy Look, Lo! dart?

Didst Thou smile to read my mind
That I dreamt then: Thou came neigh!
Oh! I missed Thee then to bind!
In Search I weep, Thou passed by!!

Lord of Love Thou art, O Dear!

Thou can never be known by lust.

I lost Thee though Thou came near!

Dust of my heart cleanse I must.

If Thou liked not even to kiss,
Why not, Darling! play Thy Flute?
Though my closed eyes Thee would miss,
Yet Thy Music my ears would glut!

If Thou wished not Thy Flute to play, Couldn'st Thou at least walk so slow On the path of dust and clay, That I perchance feel Thy glow!

This would wake me up, O! then
When Thou went to the distant end,
To have a glimpse of my loving Friend,
And Thy yellow robe's vanishing end!!

But Thou passed me quickly so,
Silently on Thy tender toe,
This from the Marks, Dear! I can know
Thou passed this Way, Westward Ho!

Alas the day! I failed to hear
The jingling of Thy tinkling anklet!
How my sad lot I shall bear?
Deaf I remained, Thee eyes never met!

When Thou came at all this Way
To pass by my this aching heart,
Didst Thou in Thy mood so gay
At my face Thy Look, Lo! dart?

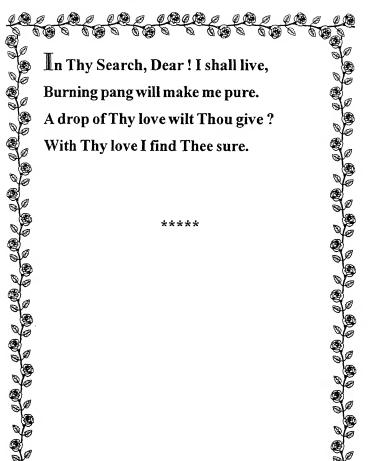
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Thou can never be known by lust.

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Dust of my heart cleanse I must.



(II) AT LAST HE CAME!

"Where art Thou, my Lord?" oft I queried,

O'er and o'er I searched my heart, But no reply came to me. I became desolate, I felt lonely;

Oft I would weep and shut my eyes

To look again within,

"If Thou wilt reply Thy servant meek."

I had passed my thirteenth summer.

Once the day waned when I went

To the distant corn-field all alone,

And sat on the floor of dust and earth: With my hands folded in prayer, I said: "My Lord! where art Thou? Wilt Thou not hear me, Darling Dear? How can I live without Thee-Thou art my Lord—Friend and Mate Hast Thou forsaken me? How can I live in this world of woe, Which is but the fort of a deadly foe- $M\tilde{a}v\tilde{a}$ she is called by the wise, Deluding Energy that produces vice? Without Thee, I'm lone, my Lord! In this world of strangers— The servile servants of Mãyã. "Dost Thou ignore me because I'm young? Dost Thou hate me because no devotion? But then, how shall I know, Dear!

What is Thy unalloyed devotion? How shall I know which pleases Thee, And which Thou dost despise? Did not Dhruva know Thee, when young? Didst Thou not bless Prahlad, the child? But why shouldst Thou forsake me Even thoug I've nothing to offer? Please, my Lord! — Please let me hear Where I shall find Thee, how, O Dear? I want not wealth or fame, World's love and lust me won't tame, or Sin or piety attracts me not, Heaven or Hell matters little Without Thy Presence and Thy Company. Where Thou art, may I be there? — To serve Thee. Accept me, if Thou wilt care. Thou hast given me a tiny heart full of love,

And that is for Thy Seat, Beloved Lord!
Wilt Thou not accept it, because of a child?
Or doth not my voice reach Thee, Dear!
Because it is too mild?

Krishna! I love Thee - Thou art so dear! What shall I do now, if Thou wilt not hear? As a fish dies without water. Or the partridge without moon, Or the thirsty Chātak without rains Surely dies ever so soon. So I am pining, Darling, Oh! without Thee, Wilt Thou appear now and thus save me? Shall I live or shall I die? What use there is of life when Thou belie And keep me away ever from Thee? Into Thy confidence, please! take me. Tell me, dear Lord! tell me once Thy Face to see if I have a chance?"

⁶ ears tricked down my cheeks, My hair stood on end, A tremor touched my limbs And a thrill passed through my veins, My heart throbbed and my nerves pulsated, All my senses were newly created! Sweat gushed out and made me wet, Dizzy went my head and I forget-I swooned? Lo! there I lay Near the path-way on the hay!! Body and mind bound me no more, Beyond phenomena my soul did soar! I dreamt a dream-or had I a VISION? Yonder the sky was rent, open and wide, Clouds rolled round in various hues, Chirping birds flew high,

Gentle Kokil sang near by,
And out from the coloured clouds
Lo! a LIGHT flashed!
Hark! all calm and all serene.

Suddenly Nature changed:
Green verdure of the corn-field
Wavered quickly like the weltering sea;
Tender leaves gently moved,
New blossoms sweetly bloomed,
Birds sang and cows called their calves,
Peacocks danced, and deer grazed free
With brown eyes, kind and simple,
The earth smelled and Music flowed—
Nature was all-beauty, smiling all round,
Up I looked and found the azure sky,
And below I saw a stream gliding by,
With white lotuses full of grace,

A duck swimming in quest of her mate! I closed my eyes and opened them again To realise if I were dreaming or awake.

And O The Light!

The Light of Wisdom and Knowledge

Divine,

Undivided they say, the very Soul of mine.

It moved on towards me from the parting

Blue

Would It be my life's future solacing

clue?—

I was thrilled,

And thrown into a surge of delight, -

For who knew what to me do It might?

For what I saw, I was amazed.

What did I see?

A Light of Heaven or of Vraja?

To guide me through wilderness? It was not the red light of the morning Sun, There was not the glow of the scorching Noon. It was not the crimson beam of the waning Day, Nor was It the silvery ray of the bright Moon. Yet a Light—yet a Flash! That flashed through the darkness of my little heart, And removed at once its age-long dirt. A Light That I had never seen before— A Light, but surely not of earthly birth! It was brilliant like a thousand diamonds And yet soothing like the autumnal moon, Warmed the heart and harkened the mind,

Appeared so noble, to me so kind! A Light neither golden nor white in hue. Neither red nor yellow, nor was It blue. O what It was, I cannot say— Perhaps green — or perhaps blue? Or might be both in hue! ${f T}$ he Light moved and my heart throbbed. O what a wonder! what a conception! The Light turned Concerte! Ah yes, there — there I saw The Light changing into a Form, And I looked in awe! The Form was my Lord Beloved, The Jewel of my heart — the Apple of my eye, The Necklace of my breast the Breath of my life.

How He smilled! How He looked! I was moved — I blushed, and I was shy To look into my Lord's Blessed Eyes. My lusty little eyes like hungry bees Drank the honey of His Lotus-feet. What a joy! what the feeling! How can I describe them, being but dust? How can a lover describe his love Except in silence and being mute? Or how can a longing Chatak Tell you about the taste of the pouring rain Besides being drenched and drinking same? But persist if you will still, He can but tell you very little About what he drinks and what saves his life.

saw the corner of the diamond-like nails Of the beautiful Feet of my Beloved Lord, Bright yet lightly red in colour Like a drop of cochineal mixed in milk; The tips of His Fingers were rosy— A beauty that find at beauties phenomenal. Perfection of Beauty rested at His Feet! What a Power! — What an Attraction! **Possessed Those Finger-tips** Of the Lord of Love — the King of my heart! The Beauty squeezed my breath in ecstasy Like the warmth of a lover's embrace: Emotion followed thought in succession. I thought, what to do — what to offer? And I felt, I must offer what came first. I hurried into the thicket of my heart To pluck the Rose of Love,

The Lily of Faith, the Lotus of Devotion,
The Yuthi of Frankness and
the Mallika of Attention—

I poured them all without hesitation
Unostentatiously at His Feet!
There was no form — there was no

decorum.

The Roses were not threaded into a garland

To place round His beauteous Neck!
The Lilies were not bunched together
To lay at His tender Feet!
The Lotuses were not fully bloomed

To decorate His bending Waist!

The Yuthis were not made into a bracelet

To bind round His palyful Wrist!

And a nice Bouquet was not made of

Mallikas

To hold before Him — to accept and to

smell!

They were jumbled together and offered In a hurry at His Lotus-feet! For, when the Lord came, Reason gave way to Love! I offered all that He gave me. Like one's worshipping the Ganges with the Ganges-water! For nothing was mine! The Lord moved His Feet. I quivered — did I hurt Him? Petals of flowers, grown uncared Half-blossomed in the forest of the heart, Where flower-plants had grown at random Undressed, unwatered and therefore rough, Must have hurt the tender Feet of my Lord!

For, are not His Feet more tender Then the tenderest petal of the

Rose of Love?

The Rose that was carelessly preserved In the unseen nook of my little heart. What value could it have for my Beloved?

What fragrance could it possess

To draw the attention of the Lord of all?

A scentless — valueless Rose I offered!

Perhaps His Feet had been bruised

By the rough petals of my crude love?

If so, what then? —

I wept. Tears blinded me.

What a wretch — what a fool must I be

To offer scentless roses at His Feet!

"What should I hurt Thee?

Darling I meant it not."

Again the Lord moved His Feet!

Did the hot drops of tears touch His Feet?

But I heard the tinkling Anklet,—

Yes, I heard it, I can bet!

That thrilled through my agonised nerves
And worked like a tonic made of herbs;

I regained my senses, rubbed my wet eyes

With the back of my trembling palms;

Breathed deep, throbbing still—

Still heaving a long-drawn sigh.

I sat up.

And gently took His Right Foot in my hands
And pressed It warmly to my throbbing
breast;

Then I began to caress mildly so
That my touch He would not know.
He was smiling, standing all the while!—

What a shame I forget to give Him a Seat!—

Quickly I stressed my dirty skirt

On the ground by my side,

But my Darling would not sit!

For Him it was not at all fit!!

I attempted to speak; my throat was

choked,

My voice faltered — I tried in vain.

The Lord touched my chin!

And pressed it too a little!

I liked it, but felt very shy,

Not knowing what to do in return!

The Lord caught me by the wrist

And drew me up. He stood on His Feet.-

I was a doll in His Divine Hands!

Le put my tiny arms round His Neck And held up my bending chin, Again to look into His Face! I looked! But behold! His smile made me mad: His eyes made me dizzy; His brows made me crazy; Ah! His fore-head maddened me so. That the Lord alone would it know. And Lo! His Curling Locks! That turned me wildly mad. Yes! I need not hide — Mad I became for the Lord! What heavenly felicity there is Ever existent in that madness, Who can know but one thus blessed?

He took me to His Bosom

And hugged me a little!

I gained my senses, and looked into His

Face-

Yes, there was a flush on His Cheek!

Ah! I am sure, I marked it.

I knew my Beloved, I knew Him now.

How kindly He looked!

And how lovingly He smiled!!

Pang of separation was no more,

And I looked at His Eyes ever more,

For, they were sparkling searching so,

Freakish, frisky, cunning, Oh!

Long, they say, like the Palash-flower

Were those eyes of my Darling Dear!

The irises of my Fawn—eyed Lord Squeezed the heart's tender cord.

Like the rainbow on the sky
Long-drawn were His fine eye-brows,
As if painted by a master brush!
The love surging forehead of the Lord,
Beautified by the curling locks,
Drew me closely to His Feet,
Like an irresistible magnet strong.

As I gazed at Him in wonder and awe,
Unknown forces dashed me like a straw
Into the Stream of Love and Devotion,
To be drifted away to an Unknown
Region?

Askance again I looked at the Beloved's Eyes,

When He quickened His eyelids
With a supressed smile!
By this the Lord teased me without a word?
Maddening it was, to resist very hard!!

I hen my Darling took the Flute In His Blessed Hands so good, And gently kissed Her with His Lips !-And touched Her holes with His Fingertips-Were I envious? No, it could not be. Enjoyer of all entities alone was He. In His pleasure was my desire, — For, self-seeking throws one into earthly mire. Then the sweet little Fingers began to move On the happy holes of the fortunate Vansi. What a Music! What a Harmony! How could there be discord, I wondered, In the wide Universe of diversified forms? Could not manifoldness be synthesised

Into one harmonious combination And utilized to His loving service? It could be done, I thought, If all human actions were attuned With the Flute of my Divine Lord. Subserviency to the Lord of Love Harmonises all discords and fights. For, He is truly the Lord of all phenomena. To lord it o'er the world is not normal Man's lust to usurp the Divine Throne Makes him forget his real self. Vanity creates differences and hatred bitter. While to attune the desire with His Wish Puts entities in their normal mould To be shaped to the Divine Taste. Is not that Music of my Lord At the back of all that we see

Or all that lie beyond time and space? Does not this Music run in every vein Of all sentient beings of the glove? The Flute drew all freed souls To the soothing Feet of the Lord Who in Childhood in Brindavana grew. Did this Flute sing the Sama-songs That awakened the sleeping Nature And resounded yonder horizon Of the blessed land of Mother India? Did not Rishis and Saints of vore Faintly echo the Divine Music? Why was then there today So much discord and dismay In this world of ours, Which is sprightly and gay?

 ullet he fault is ours - ignorance is deep In misidentifying our selves with coverings. We are not bodies, we are not minds, But are eternal sparks of the Lord Divine. Forgetfulness of His service was a sin, That gave us all the worldly sufferings. Separation from Him was a greater punishment Which tortured my heart till Him I met. "I will not leave Thee, my Lord!"-I muttered within, And in silence looked at Him! The Lord played on and on the Flute without a reply. listened — I mused — I closed my eyes in deep rapture!

The Flute stopped.

The music continued in my ears.

I dared not open my eyes,

For who knew what would happen?

Then — then! O the Thrill!

There was a hug—The Dear Lord

drew me near.

Mildly I closed my eyes — my body

shivered,

And at last I felt a heavenly warmth

On my eye-lids, then on the lips!

I broke down - I swooned.

How long I was in this state I could not

say,

But it must have been long till

I began to say:

"Where art Thou, my Lord!

O where Thou art gone?

Tell me, O Lord! I feel forlorn."

No more the VISION! no more the

Lord!

All was dark; I had lost my body's motion.

I cried and cried so bitter;

but none would hear

The agony of the heart, unable to bear!

"Lord! have I lost Thee?"—

My heart asked in a stupor,

Did my Lord leave me, left for ever?

Here I began a search of my Lost-Love In land and water, earth and sky, In forest and desert, far and neigh, Losing hopes, hoping again,

though so hard!

Who can see the blazing fire
That burns within my lamenting soul,
Smothering it bit by bit every day
Like a spark set to a heap of hay?
Gurn is my Guide, Hope is my life;
Search I must continue
Till my Beloved Krishna appears in truth.

THE END